THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 2, 1809.

MEMOIR *of* Dr. HAWES.

(Concluded from Page 773.)

NO man could be more highly favoured than Dr. Hawes was, at the period of his last illness, in his domestic relations and circumstances; he was nursed in the very arms and bosom of his family. Mrs. Hawes was scarcely absent from his bedside, night and day, during the four weeks of his illness; with unabated constancy he was surrounded by some or other of his children, who administered with assiduous tenderness to his relief and comfort. Nor should the dutiful alacrity of his servants be forgotten; especially the affectionate solicitude and cheerful persevering assistance of an old and faithful domestic, who, after many years of useful services, most willingly rendered and kindly received, had the melancholy satisfaction of closing the eyes and weeping over the remains of her generous and beloved master.

He was professionally attended with the utmost kindness and assiduity by Mr. Cline, in whose skill and care he uniformly and deservedly reposed unlimited confidence; and also by Mr. Addington, his intimate and much valued friend, in whose judgment he likewise placed the highest confidence. To this truly estimable friend he had, for several years, confided the care of himself and his family under indisposition; and who, residing next door to him, had the best opportunity of watching the course and changes of his disorder. Others of his medical acquaintances called upon him occasionally; but the urgency of his sufferings, and the agitable state of his

spirits, rendered it seldom prudent to admit visitors to his chamber.

When it is known that he was under the able direction of Messrs. Cline and Addington, it will not be doubted, and it is consoling to reflect, that the most efficient remedies were employed to relieve the sufferings and save the life of this distinguished friend of humanity. But the powers of medicine were unequal to stopping the progress of so violent a disease in an irritable habit at the age of 72. Happily, however, his pains were frequently mitigated by the aid of medicine, and long intervals of relief obtained. Indeed, the hopes of his attendants were encouraged, at the end of the second week, by a very manifest abatement of the severity of the disease in the bladder; but, a few days after, an apthous efflorescence began to shew itself in the throat, covering first the fauces, and afterwards rapidly diffusing itself over the whole inside of the mouth, the tongue, and even the lips themselves; by this affection, deglutition was first rendered difficult, and afterwards impracticable; and the patient was sustained, partly by nutritious injections per anum, and partly by food conveyed through a tube into the osophagus. By the same method medicines were administered with the hope, if hope it may be called, of combating this last morbid symptom which now appeared to constitute the principal source and circumstance of danger. But all was unavailing; his strength, which had been wonderfully supported during the severity of his conflict, now sunk apace. His pulse, from the beginning, had continued so calm and undisturbed as, in the very worst of circumstances, to afford a ground, if not of hope, at least of presumption, that he might survive the struggle; but this also now lost its firmness and quiet regularity; and, for about three days before his decease, the harbingers of approaching dissolution were settling on his countenance, and discovering themselves in his whole manner. Even yet, however, the activity of his mind had not forsaken him. In every interval of pain he was solicitous to employ himself in some of those concerns, which were always so near his heart. He had been accustomed, about this period of the year, to commence his preparations for the annual report of the humane society, to be published at the ensuing anniversary, in the spring; and now he eagerly embraced every opportunity of arranging his materials for that publication; he took also an anxious interest in the proceedings of those meetings of the managers and directors, at which he could no longer assist.

Finding that a sermon was to be preached for the benefit of one of the dispensaries to which he was physician, he could not suffer his absence to occasion the loss of his guinea to the collection. Thus we see him to be the same kind-hearted, active,

tive, benevolent being to the very last, that he had been through life. When he became sensible of his approaching fate, he resigned himself to it without a murmur. To the latest period he retained his senses; and as the clock was striking six in the morning, a few minutes only before he expired, he noticed some passing occurrence; and then directing a look of inexpressible kindness to one of his children, who was supporting him, he calmly, in her arms, closed his eyes on this life.

Dr. Hawes died at his house, in Spital-square, on Monday, December 5, 1808, having just completed his 72d year. He was buried in his native village of Islington, on Tuesday morning the 13th of December. Three mourning coaches, filled with his relatives and a few of his most intimate friends, attended him to the grave. To these were very unexpectedly added, in the square, seven other mourning coaches, filled with those friends who were desirous of thus publicly manifesting their esteem and regard for him while living, and testifying the regret they felt for the irreparable loss they had sustained, by accompanying him to his last habitation in this world. The church was crowded; and the general sorrow for the loss of such a man was abundantly visible.

The royal humane society will be a standing monument of what may be accomplished by individual persevering exertions in the cause of humanity; and will transmit the name of Hawes to posterity, as a benefactor to the human race. He has left us full of years, honour, and usefulness. He is gone to inherit the reward of a life most disinterestedly and assiduously devoted to the preservation of the lives of his fellow-creatures.

While we admire and applaud the benevolent zeal, activity, and energy, which he uniformly displayed in his public character—while we love him for his numerous private virtues—let us imitate his example, that we may be associated with him, in the more active, useful, and beneficent pursuits of a future life.

An Inscription proposed to be placed on a Monumental Tablet in Islington Church.

TO perpetuate,
while this frail marble shall endure,
the meritorious exertions of an individual,
and to excite the emulation of others,
the GOVERNORS of the ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY
have caused this tablet to be inscribed
with the name of WILLIAM HAWES, M. D.
by whose personal and indefatigable labours

an institution honourable to the nation,
and highly beneficial to the world at large,
was founded, fostered, and matured;
and long, very long, may it flourish,
the ornament and the pride of Britain!
This excellent, unassuming, persevering philanthropist
was born in Islington, November 28, 1736,
died in Spital-square, December 5, 1808,
and was buried on the 13th, near these walls.
Go, reader, and imitate those virtuous actions,
which the latest posterity will applaud and venerate,
and which the recording angel has registered in Heaven.

Well done, good and faithful servant!
Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!

[At bottom, the figure from the society's medal, and the motto, LATEAT SCINTILLULA FORSAN.]

THE PHEASANT.

ALL modern naturalists are agreed that this beautiful bird is a native of the old world, and, by ancient authors, it is supposed to have been originally found on the banks of the Phasis, a river in Asia Minor, from which its name also is conjectured to be derived. Be these opinions, correct or not, so much is certain, that the species has been long spread over the greatest part of the known world, and held in equal estimation for the excellence of its flesh, and the brilliancy of its plumage.

Every scholar is acquainted with the story of Solon, the Athenian philosopher, and Cræsus, king of Lydia. That monarch, seated on his throne, adorned with all the appendages of terrestrial grandeur, asked Solon if he had ever seen so magnificent a spectacle? The philosopher, unmoved by the pomp with which he was surrounded, coolly replied, that, after having seen the plumage of the pheasant, he could not be astonished at the sight of any other finery.

Nothing, indeed, can surpass the variety and richness of the colours which adorn the pheasant. The eyes are encircled with a ring of scarlet, sprinkled with small specks of black, and the iris is yellow. The fore part of the head is clothed with blackish feathers, mixed with a shining purple; the top of the head, and the upper part of the neck, are tinged with a darkish green, which bears a silky gloss. In some, the top of the head is of a shining blue; and the upper part of the neck appears sometimes blue, and sometimes green, as it is differently

rently placed, in regard to the eye of the spectator. The feathers of the breast, shoulders, middle of the back, and the sides, under the wings, have a blackish ground, and their edges are tinged with a colour exquisitely beautiful, which appears sometimes black, and sometimes purple, according to the different reflections of the light; under the purple there is a transverse streak of gold colour. The tail is about eighteen inches long; the legs, feet, and toes, are of the colour of horn, and two of the toes are connected by a membrane; the legs are furnished with spurs of a black colour, and shorter than those of the cock.

The male is much more beautiful than the female, which is generally of a light brown, mixed with black. The ordinary weight of the male is from two pounds and three quarters to three pounds and a quarter; that of the hen about ten ounces less.

The pheasant is much attached to the shelter of thickets and woods where the grass is long; but, like the partridge, often breeds in fields of clover. She constructs her nest on the ground, with a few dry vegetables put carelessly together, and lays twelve or fifteen eggs, which are smaller than those of the domestic hen. In the mowing of clover, near the woods frequented by pheasants, the havoc made among their eggs is often very great. For this reason, many gentlemen give directions to their gamekeepers to drive them from such situations, until their haunt is broken, and they retire into the corn.

As soon as the young break the shell, they follow the mother like chickens, and the parents remain with their broods in the stubbles and hedge-rows, if unmolested, for some time after the corn is ripe. If they are disturbed, they repair to the woods, which they leave only in the morning and evening, to feed in the stubbles. Though they are fond of corn, these birds can, however, procure a subsistence without it, since they often feed on wild berries and acorns.

In confinement, the pheasant neither lays so many eggs, nor tends her brood with such care, as when in the natural state. In a mew she will very rarely form a nest for her eggs, or sit upon them at all; for which reason, the domestic hen is generally made a substitute for her in the business of incubation, and rearing the young.

Though pheasants are so shy as not to be tamed without great difficulty, yet when their natural fear of man has been counteracted by their having been bred under his protection, and by the habit of seeing him, they will repair to the keeper for food as soon as they hear him whistle. They follow him in flocks, and scarcely allow the peas to run from his bag into the trough placed to receive them, before they begin to eat.

On

On the approach of winter, the pheasants fly, at sun set, into the branches of oak trees, where they roost during the night, and this they do more frequently as the winter advances, and the trees lose their leaves. On these occasions, the male makes a noise, which he repeats three or four times, and which is called, by sportsmen, cocketing. The hen, on flying up, utters one shrill whistle, and is then silent; by these notes poachers discover their roosting places, where they shoot them with the greatest certainty in woods that are not well watched; if even woods are watched, the poacher finds means to compass his ends; he lights a number of brimstone matches with phosphorus, and the moment the sulphureous fumes reach the birds, they drop, overpowered by them, into his possession. He likewise resorts to other expedients, such as fastening a snare of wire to the end of a long pole, with which he drags them one by one from the trees, or catches them in nooses of wire, twisted horse hair, or even with a briar, set in the form of a noose at the verge of a wood. The pheasants have other enemies not less artful to encounter, great numbers of them being destroyed by foxes.

The males begin to crow the first week in March. This noise can be heard at a considerable distance. It is said that they will occasionally repair to the farm-yards in the vicinity of coverts, where they abound, and sometimes produce a cross breed with the common fowls.

A singular fact in the natural history of this bird is, that the female is sometimes seen to assume the elegant plumage and appearance of the male; but among pheasants in a state of confinement, those which undergo this change always become barren, and are spurned and buffetted by the rest. From the observations made on the hen pheasant in the possession of a lady, a friend to Sir Joseph Banks, it appears probable that this change arises from some alteration of temperament at a late period of the animal's life. This lady has paid particular attention to the breeding of pheasants; one of her hens, after producing several broods, moulted, and the succeeding feathers exactly resembled those of a cock, but she never afterwards had young ones.

This circumstance, however, is not peculiar to the pheasant; similar observations have been made respecting the pea hen. A favourite one belonging to Lady Tynte produced chicks, eight several times. Having moulted when about eleven years old, the family were astonished by her displaying feathers resembling those of the male, and appearing like a pied peacock. In this process the tail, which was like that of the cock, first appeared. The following year she moulted again, and produced similar feathers; the third year she did the same, and then had also spurs resembling those of the cock, but she ne-

ver bred after this change of her plumage. This animal was preserved in the Leverian-museum.

Pheasants are found in most parts of England; they are not plentiful in the north, and are seldom seen in Scotland; wood and corn lands seem necessary to their existence; and were it not for the exertions of gentlemen of property to preserve these birds from the attacks of sportsmen, it is more than probable that in a few years the breed would be extinct.

In some respects the pheasant is a very stupid bird; when roused it will often perch on a neighbouring tree, where its attention will be so occupied by the dogs, that it will suffer the sportsman to approach very near. It has been asserted of this bird, that it imagines itself out of danger whenever its head is concealed. From the stratagems, however, which sportsmen relate, that they have known old cock pheasants adopt in thick and extensive coverts, when they have found themselves pursued, before they could be compelled to take wing, it would appear that this bird is by no means deficient in contrivances for its preservation.

The several places in which pheasant shooting is pursued, the kind of dogs employed for this purpose, and the sport itself, are correctly characterised by Somerville in the following lines, with which we shall conclude our account:—

> "But if the shady wood my cares employ,
> In quest of feather'd game my spaniels beat,
> Puzzling the entangled copse, and from the brake
> Push forth the whirring pheasant high in air."

JOHN DE LANCASTER *and* AMELIA JONES,

A TALE.

(Continued from Page 769.)

THE next morning saw the equipage of De Lancaster bear away the father and the daughter not with that speed, which the emblem of the expanded wings might be construed to betoken, but reverently and deliberately, with that slow and easy motion, which neither hurried the passengers out of their equilibrium, nor the well-fed cattle out of their accustomed amble, which was specifically neither walk, trot, nor stand-still, though something seemingly allied to each. In fact the gentry of those days had not found out the necessity of being in a hurry, when they had nothing to do that called for expedition.

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The numberless things that Amelia had to do at Denbigh when she did not wish to leave Glen-Morgan, unluckily occurred to Mrs. Jennings, when if they had slipped her memory, the omission would have been most readily forgiven; but that provident lady saw so many things needful for herself and for her charge, that suit was instantly made for the chariot and horses, and Mrs. Richards, the housekeeper, was requested to obtain that order from her master. Mrs. Richards admitted the necessity of a visit to Denbigh on the part of Mrs. Jennings, for she saw the pressing claims of crapes and gauzes in their true and proper force, but having probably discovered in the expressive features of the young Amelia, then standing beside her, something that to her conception indicated disappointment, she good naturedly cried out—

"Don't take this dear child from us, just when she is beginning to get acquainted and make friends with the family from Kray Castle."

"Why surely," said Mrs. Jennings, "you forget that the only lady of that family is gone away this morning, and you would not, I suppose, think it proper for Amelia to stay here without me."

"I can't see what should harm her if she did," the dame made answer. "My poor good master and the colonel have either lost their limbs, or lost the use of limbs, and as for the young folks, when they are happy in each other, and innocently so, I always think it is a thousand pities to part them."

"Ah, Mrs. Richards, it would be a delightful task indeed, if I had only to provide the means of making my Amelia happy; for her wishes are so pure and so prudent, that she deserves to be gratified in them; but circumstanced as she is, and limited as I am, there are many things, innocent in themselves, that she must not risk, and many mere appearances that she must avoid. I dare say her own good understanding convinces her how necessary it often is to sacrifice what is pleasant for the sake of what is prudent."

"Oh yes; I'm perfectly convinced of that," Amelia said, and drew a sigh.

"Aye," cried the unconverted dame who pleaded on the side that pleases best, "just so would the poor lady that we buried yesterday have said, and just so she did say; she was a slave to appearances; she sacrificed every thing to what is called prudence, and only lived to be a melancholy example how much happier and better she would have been had she taken counsel of her own heart, and not of other people's heads."

And thus having wound up her climax and her opinion in the same moment, the good dame with that significant jerk and toss of the head, which is the veriest unequivocal and not

to be mistaken stamp of self-content, faced about and trotted off in quick time to a kind of march, that to a musical ear would have marked a measure considerably above *moderato*, and a firmness in the tread characteristic of one, who walked by authority, and kept right onwards without check or turning.

"I perceive, my dear Amelia," said Mrs. Jennings, "that if I persist to do what I consider to be my duty with respect to you, I shall have every body's voice against me; but, thank Heaven, you will soon be under the protection of the lady of Kray Castle, and then my responsibility will cease."

"I trust," replied Amelia, "you have not found me impatient to throw off your government; and 'till that happens, I hope you will not dismiss me from your care."

Here the dialogue was interrupted by the coming in of John De Lancaster and the Rev. Mr. Wilson. Mrs. Jennings immediately availed herself of the opportunity for requesting a few minutes private conversation with our hero, and, this being granted, she delivered herself as follows—

"I am sensible, Mr. De Lancaster, that I incurred your displeasure by the manner in which I received the honour of your visit, when you last called upon me in Denbigh. Undoubtedly I ought to have presented Amelia Jones to you without a moment's hesitation, that you might have given into her hands the invaluable relic you had in charge for her. For this omission I most heartily ask your pardon, and assure you that I had no intention to offend, but erred in judgment, when in my over-care to guard Amelia from the effect of any sudden agitation upon the opening of that packet, I very unadvisedly took the delivery of it upon myself."

"What you have already said," replied De Lancaster, "is apology more than sufficient for an oversight on your part, especially as it proceeded from so considerate a motive; but I am afraid, Madam, my abrupt departure is not so easily to be excused, and I can only say, that if we are to exchange forgiveness, I shall have much to sue for, and very little to bestow. However let me hope that Miss Jones has not been molested by our misunderstanding, but has the miniature, and thinks it, as it appeared to me, an admirable painting."

"Sir," resumed Mrs. Jennings, "I am sorry to say that the error I committed, in taking the delivery of the present out of your hands, has very much molested Miss Jones; and the chief reason for my hastening to Denbigh is, that I may restore to you the packet, which is still in my keeping, in the hope that you will condescend to fulfil your first intention, and with your own hands bestow it upon her, who from her respect for you and for the express conditions attached to your delivery of it, has scrupulously denied herself even the pleasure of a sight of it.

"You surprise me and delight me," cried our hero, in a tone of exultation. "'Tis an instance of so refined and delicate a sense of honour in the young lady, whom you have educated, as recommends her to my warmest veneration and esteem. Don't let me lose an hour that can be employed for her relief, and as you tell me that you are hastening home, where you have the packet in your keeping, I will mount my horse and be ready at your door to hand you out of your carriage, and in your presence, if such shall be your pleasure, make a transfer of the relic to the lovely person, who is so properly intitled to it."

"Ah, Sir," cried Mrs. Jennings, "you are infinitely kind, and will not only take a heavy load from off my heart, but give delight to that beloved child, whose disappointment has been very great."

"Say to her then," said John, "that I am gone to make myself ready to attend upon her, for I hear the chariot coming up to the door. Tell her that it is to her I owe the conscious gratification of being able to say with truth, I have never disobeyed any one command of my departed mother, and say moreover that to save her from disappointment and guard her from danger is another command delivered to me by the same authority, and entitled to be treated with the same obedience. But why do I trouble you with this idle talk? Say nothing to your lovely charge for me. What have I to do with professions? Let me earn her good opinion by my actions. Farewell! your chariot waits."

(To be continued.)

IMPERIAL AIR CORPORATION.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

NOTWITHSTANDING the public prints have lately teemed with advertisements, &c. calculated to ridicule, and put every one out of conceit with joint-stock companies, I venture to promulgate a discovery, which I have for many years enjoyed the benefit of; but deeming it of such national consequence to the health and pockets of my fellow-citizens, I can no longer refrain from informing the public, that, having long been obliged, by the duties of my profession, to lead a sedentary life in London, by which my health was greatly impaired, I resolved to try some method, whereby, since I was unable

unable to visit the country, I might cause the country air to visit me; and after much trouble and expence, I have the pleasure to announce, that I have so completely succeeded, as now to keep myself and some particular friends in sound bodily health and mental vigour, by resorting to the air of different parts of Great Britain, which, by a new contrivance, is bottled, and sent to me in its utmost purity; so that by means of the stock now in my possession, if I wish to taste the air of Scotland, I reach a bottle from the Highlands, and after drawing the cork, employ my power of suction to convey its contents to my lungs, when, in a few minutes, I find myself another creature, and as hungry as if I had gone to bottle the air on its native mountain; but, by the bye, this sort of air has caused a terrible lengthening of my butcher's bill for the last year.

In like manner, I can resort to a bottle of pure air from any of the watering places, or other salubrious parts of England or Wales; but, after all, I am particularly partial to the air which is bottled on Hampstead-heath, when the wind is in the north-west quarter, and that description of air (though other sorts may be kept for the satisfaction of different customers), I would recomend to the inhabitants of London and Westminster, as a sure mode of saving the intolerable expences, and answering all the purposes of journies to watering places, riding out twice a day, taking stomachic lozenges, and other numerous medicines, for strengthening the bodily system, and exhilarating the spirits, &c. &c.

A central and happy spot is fixed on for building a repository, or cellarium, to hold, at least, five millions of bottles; and it will be contrived with such singular convenience for the dispatch of business, that every customer may be immediately supplied with a most salutary draft of fresh country air, at the easy and cheap rate of one shilling per bottle only; and from whence hampers will be delivered to every part of the town, according to orders; the air contained in which may be bottled in any particular month of the year, as there will be divisions in the cellarium, for the air of each respective month and place of bottling.

If the vigour of the nation can in any degree be restored by the above benevolent project, I shall think myself amply rewarded for the trouble of my wakeful researches. But as it is obvious that my plan cannot be carried into execution, unless by public subscription, and there is a plain act of parliament, making such subscription illegal, and highly penal, I should be discouraged from proposing it, were I not certain that ministers would forthwith advise his majesty to grant a charter to the company which I intend to form, by the name of "The Imperial Air Corporation;" for the mere perusal of

my prospectus must shew them, with what facility they may lay a heavy tax upon air-drinking, and, in truth, we shall be very well able to afford it, for after paying a duty of three-pence per bottle, a profit of five hundred pounds per cent. will result to the subscribers.

I send you this communication, that the public may have an opportunity of avoiding the unprofitable and illegal schemes, which every passing day brings forth; and of embarking their property in a legal undertaking, so certain to be beneficial to themselves, and of such manifest public utility. A prospectus of my plan may be had at the banking-house of Messrs. Hail, Rain, Sleet, Fog, and Co. near Temple-Bar; where each subscriber, paying one guinea per share, as a deposit, may enter his name for any number of shares, not exceeding fifty, until all the shares are subscribed for.

Your's, &c.
BUBLERIUS SALUBERRIMUS.

Serjeant's Inn, March 3, 1809.

KENTISH FORTIFICATIONS.

THE immense works erected on that part of the coast of Kent, which cannot be considered under the protection of our shipping in the Downs, and which is immediately opposite to that great rendezvous of the French flotilla, Boulogne, are now nearly completed; they begin with the ancient castle of Dover, which, from its peculiar strength and elevated situation, has long been considered impregnable; government has, however, been employed in constructing subterraneous works, consisting of three tiers of batteries, casemates, &c. &c. with barracks for 10,000 men. The height opposite the barracks is also regularly fortified by flanking redoubts, bastions, &c. &c. There is also a citadel, with ditch and draw-bridge, and barracks for 5000 men; a shaft of a most beautiful and commodious description, having four different staircases (round an open area, which both lights and ventilates) communicates with the town, the height of which is upwards of 300 feet. By this shaft it is calculated that 20,000 men might pass from the height to the town, or *vice versa*, in half an hour. There are also four other batteries, called Guildford's, Townshend's, Amherst's, and Archcliffe, so that Dover is now the most completely fortified (excepting Malta and Gibraltar) of any place in the British dominions, and forms a most novel and interesting spectacle to the eye of the stranger.

From Dover to Folkestone no works of defence are necessary, as the cliff is inaccessible. From Folkestone to Dungeness,

ness, forming an open bay of about 20 miles in breadth, a great number of martello towers are constructed, which are of a circular form, bomb proof, and have one gun of very large calibre on the top; they are so distributed, that no part of the coast which is assailable is without the range of their shot; 30 men in each might defend themselves as long as their provision lasted, in perfect security. The old castle of Sandgate has also been greatly enlarged, and now contains a number of guns.

A redoubt, consisting of bomb-proof towers and very formidable outworks, has also been erected at Brockman's Barn. At Shornecliffe there is a battery, called by that name; and at Hythe, Sutherland, and Moncrief, batteries which, with three others at Dungeness, complete the line of coast. In addition to the above, a military canal has been cut from Shornecliffe to near Rye. Much difference of opinion has arisen as to the utility of this canal, as a defensive military work; but thus much is certain, that it opens an easy communication with a part of the country called the Weald or Wild of Kent, which, from the badness of its roads, and consequent difficulty of getting its produce (consisting of timber) to market, has been cut off from intercourse with the rest of the county, and which this canal will most effectually obviate. It also begins to be of the most essential service for the conveyance of troops and baggage, many regiments having passed from Rye to Hythe, a distance of 25 miles, without fatigue; and immediately after landing, a distance of 15 miles farther by land, without halting, thereby performing a distance of 40 miles in one day, saving a great expence to government, and relieving the innkeepers, who are very thinly scattered in that neighbourhood, from an oppressive burthen.

The whole of the works above described are performed in the most substantial and skilful manner, display a great deal of science in the engineer department, and are worthy a great country; indeed, it is matter of pleasing reflection, that many of the roads, canals, &c. unite great commercial advantages with that indispensable defensive preparation, which the politics of Europe now require us to adopt.

PARISIAN LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.

[From A Week in Paris, by Lieutenant-Colonel Pinkney.]

THERE is no place in the world, perhaps, more distinguished for literary eminence, in every part of art and science, than Paris. The literary institutions of Paris, therefore, were the objects of my first visit. Every capital has its

its theatres, public gardens, and palaces; but Paris alone has its public libraries on a scale of equal utility and magnificence. In Paris alone, science seems to be considered as an object of importance to mankind, and therefore as a suitable object for the protection of government. In Paris alone, to say all in a word, the poorest student, the most ragged philosopher, has all the treasures of princes at his command; the national library opens at his call, and the most expensive books are delivered for his use.

On the morning following my arrival, Mr. Younge accompanied me to the national library. On entering it, we ascended a most superb staircase, painted by Pellegrine, by which we were led to the library on the first floor. It consists of a suit of spacious and magnificent apartments, extending round three sides of a quadrangle. The books are ranged round the sides, according to the order of the respective subjects, and are said to amount to nearly half a million. Each division has an attending librarian, of whom every one may require the book he wishes, and which is immediately delivered to him. Being themselves gentlemen, there is no apprehension that they will accept any pecuniary remuneration; but there is likewise a strict order that no money shall be given to any of the inferior attendants. There are tables and chairs in numbers, and nothing seemed neglected, which could conduce even to the comfort of the readers.

The most complete department of the library is that of the manuscripts. This collection amounts to nearly fifty thousand volumes, and amongst them innumerable letters, and even treatises, by the early kings of France. A manuscript is shewn as written by Louis the Fourteenth; it is entitled, "Memoirs of his own Time, written by the King himself." I much doubt, however, the authenticity of this production. Louis the Fourteenth had other more immediate concerns than writing the history of France. France is full of these literary forgeries. Every king of France, if the titles of the books may be received as a proof of their authenticity, has not only written his life, but written it like a philosopher and historian, candidly confessing his errors, and abusing his ministers.

The second floor of the building contains the genealogies of the French families. They are deposited in boxes, which are labelled with the several family names. They are considered as public records, and are only producible in courts of justice, in order to determine the titles to real property. No one is allowed to copy them except by the most special permission, which is never granted but to histriographers of established name and reputation. The cabinet of antiques is stated to be very rich, and, to judge by appearances, is not inferior to its reputation. The collection was made by Caylus. It

chiefly

chiefly consists of vases, busts, and articles of domestic use amongst the Romans. The greater part of them have been already copied as models, in the ornamenting of furniture, by the Parisian artists. This fashion, indeed, is carried almost to a mania. Every thing must be Greek and Roman, without any reference to nature or propriety. For example, what could be so absurd as the natural realization of some of these capricious ornaments? What lady would choose to sleep in a bed, up the pillars of which serpents were crawling? Yet is such a realization the only criterion of taste and propriety.

The cabinet of engravings detained us nearly two hours. The portfeuilles containing the prints are distributed into twelve classes. Some of these divisions invited us to a minute inspection. Such was the class containing the French fashions from the age of Clovis to Louis the Sixteenth. In another class was the costume of every nation in the world; in a third, portraits of eminent persons of all ages and nations; and in a fourth, a collection of prints relating to public festivals, cavalcades, tournaments, coronations, royal funerals, &c. France is the only kingdom in the world which possesses a treasure like this, and which knows how to estimate it at its proper value.

From the national library we drove to the athenee, a library and lecture institution, supported by voluntary subscription. It is much of the same nature as an institution of a similar kind in London, termed the British institute; but the French athenæum has infinitely the advantage. The subscription is cheaper, being about four louis annually, and the lectures are more elegant, if not more scientific. There are usually three lectures daily; the first on sciences, and the other two on belles lettres. The lecture on science is considered as very able, but those on the belles lettres were merely suited, as I understood, to French frivolity. The rooms were so full as to render our stay unpleasant, and we thereby lost an anatomy lecture, which was about to commence. I should not forget to mention, that all the Parisian journals and magazines, and many of the German periodical works, were lying on the tables, and the library seemed altogether as complete as it was comfortable. The subscribers are numerous, and the institution itself in fashion. How long it will so last, no one will venture to predict.

The library of the pantheon and that of the institute finished our morning's occupation. They are both on the same scale and nearly on the same general plan as the national library. The library of the institute, however, is only open to foreigners and the members of the institute. The institute holds its sitting every month, and, according to all report, is then frivolous enough. I had not an opportunity of being present at one of

these sittings, but from what I heard, I did not much regret my disappointment.

FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

THE following trait of brotherly affection deserves to be recorded:—

At the commencement of the present contest between this country and France, a young man, belonging to Bourdeaux, who had been married only a few weeks, was drawn as a conscript, and ordered to appear before the military prefect at a stated period, to enrol himself for the army. His feelings, and the sympathising distress of his relatives, may be more readily conceived than described. A younger brother, however, being a witness to the anguish of his brother and his young bride, conceived the laudable resolution of freeing him from this distressing dilemma; and, without giving the least notice to any of his relations, he repaired to the prefect, obtained his brother's discharge, and enrolled himself in his stead. Very soon afterwards he joined the army, and being placed in a regiment of dragoons, was taken prisoner on the continent, and sent to this country, where he has remained a prisoner 'till very lately, when he was liberated in the following way:—

His sister, during the short interval of peace in 1802, (if it may be so called), entered into a gentleman's family belonging to Bath, as lady's maid, and in that capacity has arrived at Plymouth, with the lady of Captain Bayntun, of the Milford, late Miss Mayhew, of Bath. She had previously been acquainted that her brother was confined on board a prison-ship in the harbour, and on mentioning the circumstance to her worthy master, he interceded with Captain Woolley, the post-captain, who immediately interceded with Admiral Sutton, and obtained the prisoner's release for a given period, that he might, after so long an estrangement from every relative, enjoy the society of a beloved sister. We sincerely hope that a representation of this young man's case to government may procure his release. He is, we understand, an interesting youth, has had a liberal education, and possesses all those amiable and social virtues which render even an enemy respectable.

Such acts of humanity do honour to those who perform them, and in some degree lessen the horrors of a long and sanguinary contest. Oh that the great ones of the earth would turn their attention to the making of a general and lasting peace!

AN ANECDOTE.

WHEN Alexander visited Troy, a Trojan, as he was employed in examining every thing, shewed him the lyre of Paris. "I should much prefer," said he, "seeing that of Achilles than that of Paris." For he wished to see the instrument on which a courageous soldier sang the praises of brave men, in preference to the effeminate tunes of Paris.

EXTRAORDINARY CAUSE OF DEATH.

PETER PENTEMAN, a painter, at Rotterdam, where he was born in the year 1650, was requested to paint an emblematical picture of mortality, representing human skulls and bones, surrounded with rich gems, and musical instruments, to express the vanity of this world's pleasure, amusements or possessions; and that he might imitate nature with the greater exactness, he went into an anatomical room, where several skeletons hung by wire, from the ceiling, and bones and skulls lay scattered about, and immediately prepared to make his designs.

While he was thus employed, either owing to fatigue, or to intense study, he insensibly fell asleep; but was very suddenly roused by the shock of an earthquake, which happened at that instant, on the 18th of September, 1692. The moment he awoke, he observed the skeletons move about, as they were shaken, in different directions, and the skulls roll from one side of the room to the other; and, being totally ignorant of the cause, he was struck with such horror, that he threw himself down stairs, and fell into the street half dead.

His friends took all possible pains to efface the impression made upon his mind by this unlucky event, and acquainted him with the real cause of the agitation of the skeletons, but in vain; for this transaction affected his spirits in so violent a manner, that it brought on a disorder, which in a short time ended his days.

A QUESTION, *by T. Petherbridge, of Plymouth.*

WHAT ladies use daily with ease you may know,
By solving th' equations written below.*

$$\begin{aligned} *x+y+z &= 26 \\ 4x+3y-z &= 94 \\ 2y+5x &= 110 \end{aligned}$$

Where the value of x, y, and z, denote the letters in the alphabet composing the name or word required.

Answer, by G. W. Jones, to Un Ami's Charade, inserted August 7.

IF I judge well of what you wrote
The Archbishop WOLFRED 'twill denote.

‡‡ Similar answers have been received from J. W. Jones, of North Petherton; W. Kent, near Camelford; Paulus Emilius; W. D. Champion, and H. B. of Bridgewater; J. C. Jun. of Ottery; T. K. of Stockland; and S. Tucker, of Bugford.

Answer, by H. B. of Bridgewater, to T. K.'s Rebus, inserted August 7.

THE virtue you so fondly prize,
Most surely, Sir, must be,
That which now stands before your eyes,
'Tis pure SINCERITY.

*** Similar answers have been received from J. Ball, and J. French, at Evershot-school; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; C. J. Ninnis, of the Cornwall artillery; W. Petherick, of St. Austell; and G. W Jones, and J. W. Jones, of South Petherton.

A REBUS, *by J. French, at Evershot-school.*

A Kind of serpent you must shew;
And next two-thirds of what we do:
Now join the parts, without mistake,
A Turkish coin 'twill surely make.

A CHARADE, *by H. Ellis, of Exeter.*

BEHOLD yon fop, that gay, conceited beau,
Adorn'd with frippery from top to toe;
Plagu'd with my first, whom he can never pay,
His tedious hours in fear oft pass away;
No dainties at my next can he afford,
Nor sumptuous dishes grace the ample board:

My whole's a noted town in Bedfordshire,
A covering there is made that ladies wear.

An ENIGMA, *by R. Trewavas, of Mousehole.*

MY pristine state to you I'll first descry,
Borne on swift wings, descending from on high,
Stripp'd and dismantled by an artful knave,
Of that fair robe which bounteous nature gave,
Pull'd with vehemence, and by rustics press'd,
Then cloth'd in scarlet, or a sable vest,
Unmourn'd alas! I pitied am by none,
Beneath a sordid, deadly venom groan.
The aged, hoary sires, with wrinkled face,
With pleasure oft my bleeding footsteps trace;
O'ercast with gloom, or ruddy can appear,
Refin'd, transparent, beautiful, and clear;
Can in a martial habit often shine,
And help the soldier form the well-dress'd line;
Worn out at length, rejected, and thrown by,
Groaning beneath your sordid feet I lie.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

THE STORM.

THE winds arise, and o'er the face of heaven
The angry storm increasing, flies resistless:
Loud howling, and more boisterous still it grows;
'Till far and wide the sweeping tempest's force
Redoubled, threatens with portentous rage.
Each soul beholds, with fear and terror fill'd,
And nature owns its dire, destructive pow'r!

Spectator of this dread, alarming scene,
I wander'd forth; nor had I travell'd far
Ere I had reach'd th' affrighted margin of
The troubled deep. What see I now! A sight
How grand! How awful! wave o'er mountain wave
Lifts high its pond'rous head, and swells and bursts
With madd'ning rage, in one tremendous crash,
And foaming wide with fury, roaring loud,
Lashes the trembling shore! while all around
The black'ning cloud pours forth its icy store,
Which (mingling with the gath'ring sands, that rise,
And swiftly fly, borne on the impetuous wind,)
Relentless falls on my unsheltered head,
And, pattering, pelts me, as I pass along.
But still I onward walk, or rather creep,
Until I gain the wide and dreary waste;
I stop and look around, in hopes to find
Some friendly covert nigh, but look in vain!
Th' extended waste, alas! no shelter yields;
No hedge, no house, no hut, can I espy,
To shield me from the rude, inclement blast.

As thus the cheerless wild I sadly pass,
My strength I try, with many an effort vain,
And wrestle with the storm; but ah! full oft,
Compell'd to yield, reluctantly I turn
My unwilling feet obliquely from the path.
But, persevering still, at last I reach,
With joy, the lane that to yon village leads;
And tho' fatigued, with quick'ning steps I haste,
And soon I pass the well-known, ancient tow'r,
That many times hath stood the mighty force
Of many a brother storm, that seem'd in rage
As tho' 'twould hurl destruction on its head,
And turn it tottering from its solid base!

But now, as if in pity to mankind,
He who commands the storm, and with a nod
Can bid it rage, or make its raging cease,
Displays at once his over-ruling power;
For lo! the tempest ends; th' obsequious wind
Breathes forth a gentler breeze, which sinks at last
Into a perfect calm. The happy change
Fills every breast with gratitude and joy.

And

And now in peace each to his home retires,
Where seated snugly by his little fire,
He ponders o'er the hidden ways of fate;
Or to his family, perhaps, recounts,
In simple narrative, a sad detail
Of hair-breadth 'scapes from late impending danger;
While every one, with truly grateful heart,
Directs his thoughts to Heaven, nor forgets
The friendly hand of providence divine,
Who led them all in safety to their homes,
And bade them live to see the close of day!

Near Kingsbridge, 1809. T. JARVIS.

GLENARA.

By THOMAS CAMPBELL, *Author of* "*The Pleasures of Hope.*"

OH heard ye yon pibrach sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?
'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear,
And her sire, and the people, are called to her bier.

Glenara came first, with the mourners and shroud;
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud:
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around:
They march'd on in silence—they look'd on the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,
To a heath where the oak tree grew lonely and hoar;
"Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn:
Why speak ye no word!" said Glenara the stern.

"And tell me, I charge you! ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?"
So spake the rude chieftain:—no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding a dagger display'd.

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,'
Cried a voice from her kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;
And empty that shroud, and that coffin did seem:
"Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

Oh pale grew the cheek of that chieftain I ween,
When the shroud was unclos'd, and no lady was seen:
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,
'Twas the youth who had lov'd the fair Ellen of Lorn:

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief;
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem:
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desart reveal'd where his lady was found;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne:
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

EPIGRAM.

'TIS said our modern beaux no hearts possess,
To pity poverty are never seen;
'Tis false—their breast, beneath their gaudy dress,
Oft feel the WOES of many a TOUCHING SCENE.